

Good Morning

118

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By Ronald Richards

Movie Magnate says—

"There's success in slow motion"

ERNST LUBITSCH is a man after my own heart. He just won't be hurried for anyone or anything, "and that," he says, "is why I have succeeded in making pictures."

As a classic example of his method, take "Heaven Can Wait," which took him two years to complete.

He tested 397 actors and actresses, among them scores of big stars who would have been hired over the phone by the average director.

But that was not good enough for Lubitsch. His motto is, "Take all the time you need."

It began many years ago, when he was just another actor. One day a fellow player gave Lubitsch some advice.

"Never act as if you earn just a little money," his friend told him. "Act as though you earned a million dollars a week. In other words, take it easy. Don't hurry for anyone."

Lubitsch took that advice, and has been taking it ever since.

"Do you know what a twerp is?" That was a question asked by Mr. Bernard Campion, K.C., at a Tower Bridge court a year ago. The prisoner said he did know, but to reassure him, Mr. Campion said, "Well, you are one."



Mr. Campion, who recently gave notice of his retirement, is one of the most experienced magistrates and has officiated at a great number of courts, both in and out of London. The frequenters of Tower Bridge Court, however, knew him particularly well.

Tall, lean and quizzical, he invariably showed a brusque patience for the illiterate prisoner. He was kindly and humorous, and much respected by the most frequent offenders.

A WOODEN zip-fastener has been invented by an American accountant, who claims it to be every bit as efficient as the original metal ones. That may be so, but there are, I fear, many difficulties to be overcome before they replace the brass originals. For instance, in cases where zips have been taking the place of buttons on men's wear, what happens if the wood develops a warp or is not splinter-proof?

This invention was recently displayed at the American Hobby Federation's annual show.

Another invention, which, by the way, might be of great value to paratroops, was a folding cycle. The cycle consisted of about twenty pieces (including nuts and bolts) and weighs little over thirty pounds.

New Yorkers, from bank presidents to errand boys, turned the exhibition hall into a futurist's nightmare with their weird and wonderful devices. Not the least interested visitors were State officials and military experts.

If the letters from would-be and amateur inventors to London newspapers is any criterion, something on these lines might prove a profitable innovation here, even at the risk of curtailing H. W. Wells' monopoly.

IN America a committee of charitably minded people decided to alleviate the conditions of poor families in their district. Exhaustive lists were compiled; cases were gone into; district visitors probed here and there; a list of deserving cases was drawn up, and the relief was recommended and administered.

The administration of the fund found chinks in the armour. On that list were 157 corpses; twelve lunatics; one business man owning property, shops and a car; two doctors; one woman employing a butler and five other servants!

BECAUSE of theft, the Rev. Eric Bailey, vicar of St. John's, Upper Norwood, warns women not to leave their handbags in their pews, but to take them to the altar when they are receiving Communion.

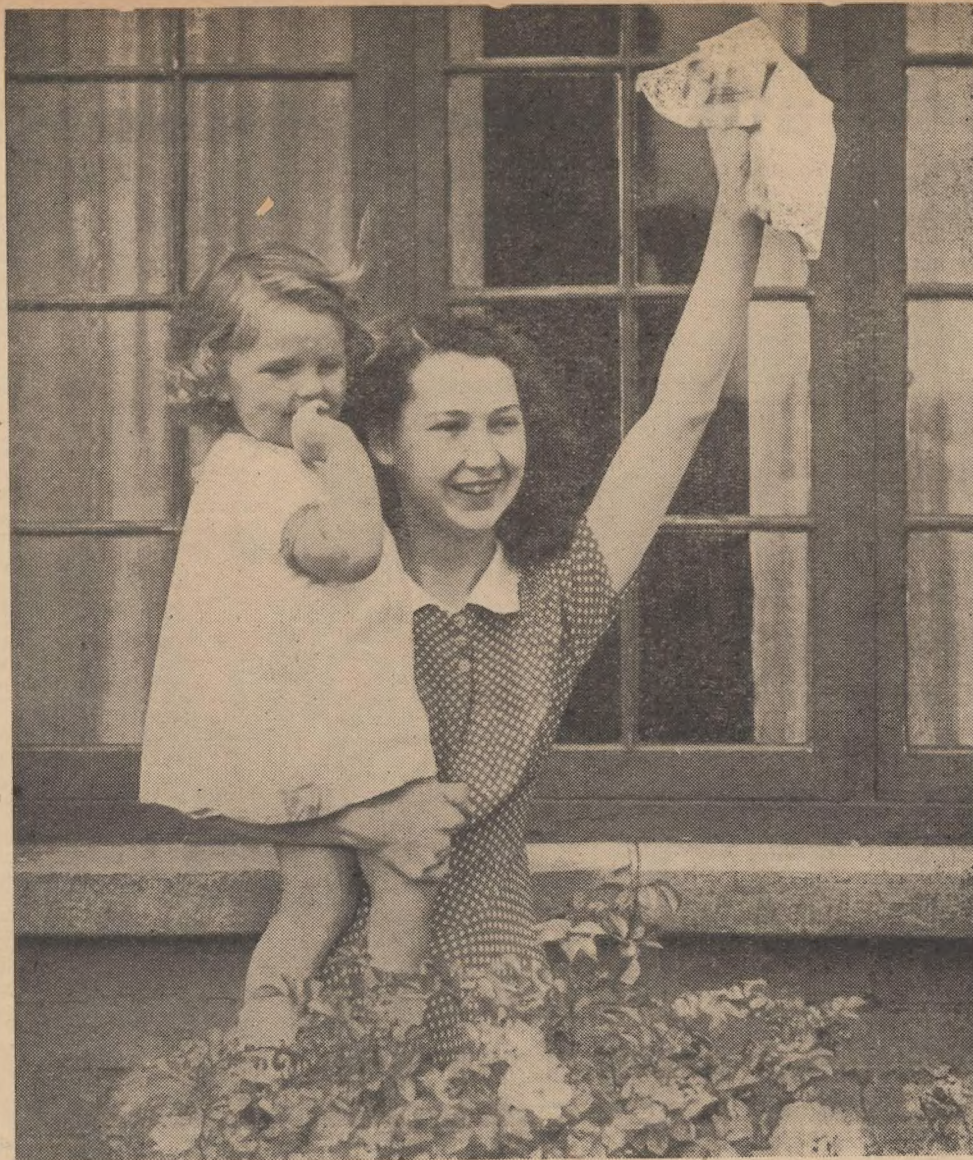
AT the Wembley Public Library I was greatly amused to overhear the following conversation:

The visitor: "Could you tell me please whether Hansard comes under fiction or non-fiction?"

The librarian: "It's filed over there between the fishing books and the comic papers."

(Hansard is the name of the word-for-word daily report of the proceedings of the House of Commons. Maybe that librarian had got something there!)

A.B. NORMAN KNOWLES—Two visitors for you to-day—your sister and your niece



JOSEPHINE KNOWLES is holding up your little niece to have a look at you—so say "Hello" all round. When next you go dancing at Thurcroft, give a special call on Ken Copley and his Swingsters—they're always asking "When's Tony Knowles around on leave again?"

Your one-and-only sister's a nurse at the Rotherham Hospital now, as we expect you know. She still thinks you dance well, and promises to save a dance for you whenever you next show up—even though she has a boy-friend in the R.A.F.

You Knowles's seem to think you're in charge of wars, you know. Your mother, who was on munitions in the last war, is back on the work-bench again helping to win this one; your father, who fought in the last one, has gone back to dig for coal for this—and your fiancée's doing a grand job in the A.T.S.

Pretty good of you to find room for General Montgomery, A.B. Knowles!

Send us your home address so that our photographer may visit your family and get pictures like these.

Our address is on back page.

Great men think up QUEER WAYS OF SLEEPING

By M. D. HULL

CHILDREN are always fascinated with the fairy story about the princess of such good breeding that she could not sleep when there was a dried pea under her mattress! The Tsar Nicholas of Russia, who came to Britain about a hundred years ago, was exactly the opposite. He could not sleep in a bed that was comfortable.

When he visited Windsor Castle to stay with Queen Victoria, he was given the best bedroom. But not until a load of straw had been dumped on the floor could he get a good night's rest. He had become so accustomed to "hard sleeping" while campaigning with his army in the field that a comfortable bed produced insomnia!

Absolute quiet is demanded by the majority of people when they want to sleep. Some are so sensitive—Jean Harlow, the film star, was an example—that they cannot sleep in a room with a ticking clock or watch. Others there are who cannot sleep unless there is noise. Mark Twain, the great American humorist, used to tell how, when in New York, he suffered from insomnia until he engaged a boy to come and hammer on his door from 1 a.m. to dawn.

Mr. Winston Churchill does not require much sleep, but can compose himself for it instantly, even in a strange bed. On the other hand, he likes working in bed, a habit in which he has good company.

The great mathematician and philosopher Descartes used to stay in bed until two in the afternoon. Dr. Johnson sometimes used to make it three!

Strangest of the bed-lovers, perhaps, was the French mathematician Moivre, who declared he could not do with less than 20 hours in bed out of every 24!

Mr. Lloyd George, Thomas Edison and Lord Balfour were amongst men who, when at their busiest, could manage on a minimum of sleep, and take it anywhere. Edison declared that for years he

did not sleep more than four hours a day.

Lord Balfour had a habit of taking "cat naps" whenever his work permitted. The remarkable thing was that he never had to be roused—if he had an appointment or important work coming at a certain hour he woke punctually and was instantly wide awake.

Napoleon was another short sleeper, but he generally slept soundly before his great battles. He took a two-hour sleep in the middle of Austerlitz. His gift for doing with little sleep seems to have deserted him as the tide turned against him.

HISTORY AS SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Some time ago a number of celebrities were asked what they did when they could not sleep. The answers were of unusual interest. Orson Welles, the film producer, replied, "I read the History of MacHenry County, Ill., and if that fails, I turn out the light and pretend that it is 5 a.m. of a winter's morning and I have to get up."

The History to which he refers is, presumably, the dullest book he knows. A famous Italian once had to fight a duel with an author because in a list of books for putting him to sleep he had included no less than eleven by this author!

Sophie Kerr, the novelist, said that she took twenty breaths and then held the twenty-first as long as possible—a recipe given in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Fanny Heaslip Lea said she sang herself to sleep with the song, "The Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," which "has a wave-like swing to it."

But perhaps the most common-sense answer came from Major Fiala, the explorer, who replied: "On my trip through Brazil with Colonel Theodore

Roosevelt, I learned my best lesson: when I go to bed it's solely for the purpose of sleeping. If I cannot sleep, I get up and exercise until I am tired. This is reminiscent of a British novelist, who not long ago revealed that he went to sleep when he was tired and got up when he felt rested, absolutely regardless of the time of day. It sounds a first-class idea.



Now, GOOD-NIGHT! What Tsar Nicholas of Russia demanded to sleep on in Windsor Castle, when he visited Queen Victoria.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

- 1. What is a gallows?
- 2. Who wrote (a) "Roderick Hudson," (b) "Roderick Random"?
- 3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Endogen, Argon, Chlorine?
- 4. What is roselet?
- 5. What and where is the Capitoline?
- 6. What is a shandrydan?
- 7. What is meant by over-weening?
- 8. What is a morel?
- 9. Who was "The Dark Invader"?
- 10. What is monel metal?
- 11. When was Thomas a Becket martyred?
- 12. What is a dryad?

Answers to Quiz in No. 117

- 1. Another name for the Garden Warbler.
- 2. (a) Sir James Barrie, (b) Louisa Alcott.
- 3. India; the others are continents.
- 4. Taking all the tricks in bridge.
- 5. In Jerusalem; also in Carnarvonshire.
- 6. A helmsman.
- 7. (a) Lying face downwards, (b) lying on the back.
- 8. A wild flower of the borage family.
- 9. G. K. Chesterton's priest-detective, hero of many stories.
- 10. Angles.
- 11. 1840.
- 12. A pirate.

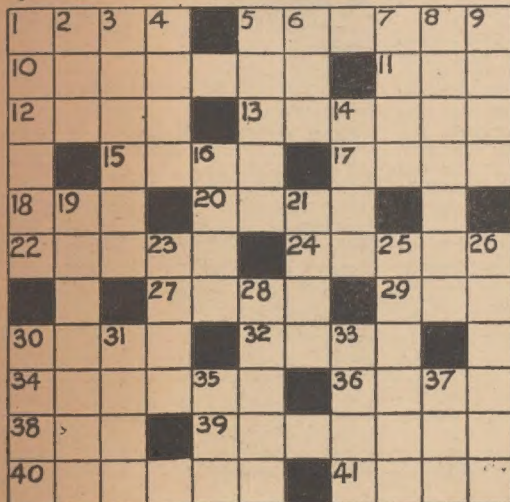
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in ROWING, but not in TILLER.
My second's in SPURS, so not in VILLA.
My third is in NEST, but not in CROW'S.
My fourth is in EBBS, so not in FLOWS.
My fifth is in WINDWARD, not in LEE.
My sixth is in BEANO, not in SPREE.
My seventh's in CLINK, yet not in PRISON.
My last is in SPINNAKER, not in MIZZEN.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Played cricket. 2 Climbing plant. 3 Meal. 4 Attracted.
- 5 Precious stone. 6 Fuss. 7 Presently. 8 Admonish.
- 9 Numbers. 14 Arrived. 16 Pain. 19 White fur. 21 Kind of voice. 23 Quid of tobacco. 25 Dress. 26 Fastened with spikes. 28 Mixed metals. 30 Handle. 31 Accomplished. 33 Demonstrate. 35 Behave. 37 Recline.

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Feathered vertibrate.
- 5 Igneous rock.
- 10 Turned away.
- 11 Novel.
- 12 Sample.
- 13 Furniture style.
- 15 Off.
- 17 Insects.
- 18 Printing measurements.
- 20 Shell-fish.
- 22 Moat.
- 24 Ascertain.
- 27 Warm up.
- 29 Drink.
- 30 Skin.
- 32 Mislead.
- 34 Admission.
- 36 Ground elevation.
- 38 Marsh land.
- 39 Select circle.
- 40 Agreement.
- 41 Weak, lanky person.

RUSTY PIPE
E PREPARE B
ARROW TORSO
LEAP MINCED
MATINEE HAY
L CORNS L
BID NETTLES
USURPS RARE
STEEL POSSE
H TAUTENS D
ASPS AGONY

He was a prince—and ate broiled serpents!

The King of Impostors

IN two months, in spite of interruptions by visitors and invitations, Psalmanazar had finished the "History of Formosa." He was acute enough to realise that so little was known of Formosa that almost anything might be made to pass current about it.

"I resolved with myself," he says, "to give such a description of it as should be wholly new and surprising and should in most particulars clash with all accounts other writers had given of it; particularly that it belonged to Japan, contrary to what all writers and travellers have affirmed of its being subject to China."

When Psalmanazar had completed his work in Latin, an English translation of it was made by a Mr. Oswald, who helped him to correct the most obvious errors. Then it appeared in the early part of 1704 as "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, by George Psalmanazar (as at this time he spelt the name), a Native of the said Island, now in London." Numerous cuts illustrated the work, which we may suppose were from designs supplied by Psalmanazar, who had some talent for drawing.

The book, which had an elaborate dedication to Bishop Compton, consisted of three distinct parts: (1) a preface in vindication of the author from the reflections of a Jesuit missionary lately returned from China; (2) an account of the author's travels, with the reasons for his conversion; and (3) a description of Formosa.

The Jesuit referred to in the preface was a Father Fountenay (or Fontenay), who had spent eighteen years in China and was now in London.

Psalmanazar says that Fountenay, having heard that he was publishing a book in which he spoke much against the Roman Church, and especially against the Jesuits, was so enraged that he endeavoured in all ways to destroy his credit. They were brought together at a public meeting of the Royal Society on February 2nd, and Psalmanazar claims to have had much the better of the argument, even on the question as to whether Formosa belonged to China or Japan—where the Jesuit was really in the right.

A week later they both dined with Dr. Sloane, afterwards Sir Hans Sloane, secretary of the Royal Society, there being present the Prussian Minister, Lord Pembroke, and another nobleman. When the Prussian Minister asked Fountenay to whom Formosa be-

longed, the priest referred him to Psalmanazar!

A third encounter took place at the Temple coffee-house, in the presence of several noblemen. All that happened here was that Fountenay asked Psalmanazar how he came to leave Formosa, and on hearing the tale made no objection, except that he never knew the priest whom Psalmanazar alleged to have taken him from Formosa.

HIS FATHER A KING.

In the account of his travels Psalmanazar makes Father de Rode, a Jesuit and a native of Avignon, come to Formosa in 1694 in the guise of a Japanese anxious to give lessons in Latin. Psalmanazar's father, a

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance, "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

- (a) TRIO BLAMES CENTRE.
- (b) CRAVE HER STEP.

(Answers on Page 3)

rich man—he is not at all unwilling for it to be inferred a "king"—of the island, engaged him to teach his son, who up to the present had been learning Greek only!

So for four years de Rode lived at their house at Xterneta, capital of Formosa, until at the end of this period he enticed the boy, now nineteen years of age, to come away with him to Europe, persuading him first to steal a large quantity of his father's gold. With this they came to Europe, arriving finally at Avignon. Here Psalmanazar made the discovery that de Rode, who had pretended to be a Japanese heathen, was a Christian.

For fifteen months he continued at Avignon, constantly urged by the Jesuits with whom he was staying to be converted, and at last threatened with the Inquisition if he held out. Just in the nick of time he escaped; and a very garbled account of his wanderings and his military service follows, as he is the first to admit in his "Memoirs."

At length "it pleased the good God to provide for me such a Judicious and Honest Guide as was very successful in all things relating to my conversion." The portrait of the Rev. Alexander Innes!

A hundred pages are next

JANE



devoted to the grounds of Psalmanazar's conversion, which have only a theological interest, and then comes the "Description of the Isle Formosa," by some considered "the finest piece of historical and geographical fiction ever written." It is, however, too patently absurd to deserve such an estimate. It was indeed a gullible public that could swallow such stuff.

We are first given a history showing how Japan and Formosa were united under the sway of a villainous Emperor, Meryaandanoo, by origin Chinese, who had usurped the Japanese throne.

Among the remarkable things that we are told about the customs of the country is that 18,000 boys under nine years of age are annually sacrificed to the supreme god of Formosa; his deputies, the sun, moon, and ten stars, the governors of the world, only receiving sacrifices of beasts.

To make good the wastage of boys, the men of the island take three to six or more wives, according to their estate. The well-to-do Formosans are very fair. The chapter on food is interesting on account of an omission which was afterwards rectified. The Formosans live on swine's flesh, fowls, venison and fish, the fowls and venison being usually eaten raw. Broiled serpents are a favourite dish.

NOBODY COULD DENY IT.

Coming to the speech of Formosa, Psalmanazar says that it is the same as Japanese, except for some difference of pronunciation. He proceeds to introduce his invented language, now elaborated since its earlier days, with an alphabet and specimen translations of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, etc.

There was apparently no one in England in those days who was in a position to disprove this philological fraud. Father

ODD CORNER

THE world's champion hoaxer was William Horace de Vere Cole, of Newbury. His greatest success was his impersonation of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Cole and three undergraduates dressed themselves as the Sultan and attendants, and paid an "official" visit to Cambridge. They were received royally by the Mayor, and carried off the visit without detection.

On another occasion he hoaxed the officers of H.M.S. Dreadnought, purporting to represent the Foreign Office and having with him four friends dressed as Abyssinians. One of the

friends was a woman, and they brought with them also "a German interpreter." This "royal" party was elaborately entertained and shown all over the ship.

Cole once ran down Whitehall after Commander Locker-Lampson, M.P., shouting "Stop thief!" The Commander was taken to the police station, but it was Cole who was eventually fined £5 and bound over to be of good behaviour.

He once took his revenge on a hostess who had failed to invite him to her dance at the Ritz Hotel, by arriving with a band of friends dressed as workmen and digging up the roadway outside the hotel entrance, roping it off in truly professional style. The result was that the guests had to walk a long way round to find their cars, and the traffic became chaotic.



This curious musical instrument is—a Lyre, Lute, Glockenspiel, Dulcimer, Metronome? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 117 is: Hornbill.

WANGLING WORDS—80

- 1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after AN, to make a word.
- 2. Rearrange the letters of SECRET ROW, to make an English town.
- 3. Change GNAT into BITE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: MASH into POTS, BARN into DOOR, TWO into SIX.
- 4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SHAKESPEARE?

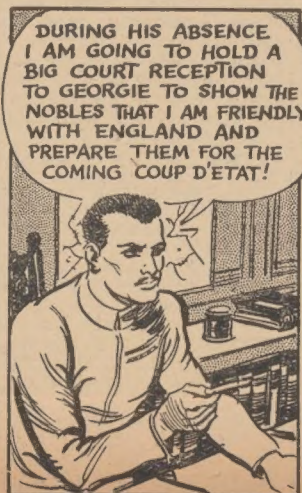
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 79

- 1. ESPIES.
- 2. LANCASHIRE.
- 3. BACK, BARK, BARE, CARE, CORE, CORD, LORD, LOAD, GOAD, GOAT, COAT, CHAT.
- BALD, BARD, LARD, LAID, LAIR, HAIR.
- DONT, WONT, WANT, WAND, SAND, SAID, SKID, SKIP, SLIP, SLOP, STOP.
- REAP, READ, DEAD, DEAN, MEAN, MOAN, MORN, CORN.
- 4. Tile, Tide, Tune, Nude, Dune, Dine, Pine, Tend, Denf, Pint, Lend, Lent, Lien, Pent, Duet, Edit, etc.
- Until, Etude, Tiled, Elude, Tepid, Pined, Piled, Tulip, etc.

Who is it?

He was fat and flirtatious. He was twice divorced, and two of his wives were executed. His last wife, who survived him, had four husbands. You may have seen his character portrayed by a well-known film actor. Who was he?

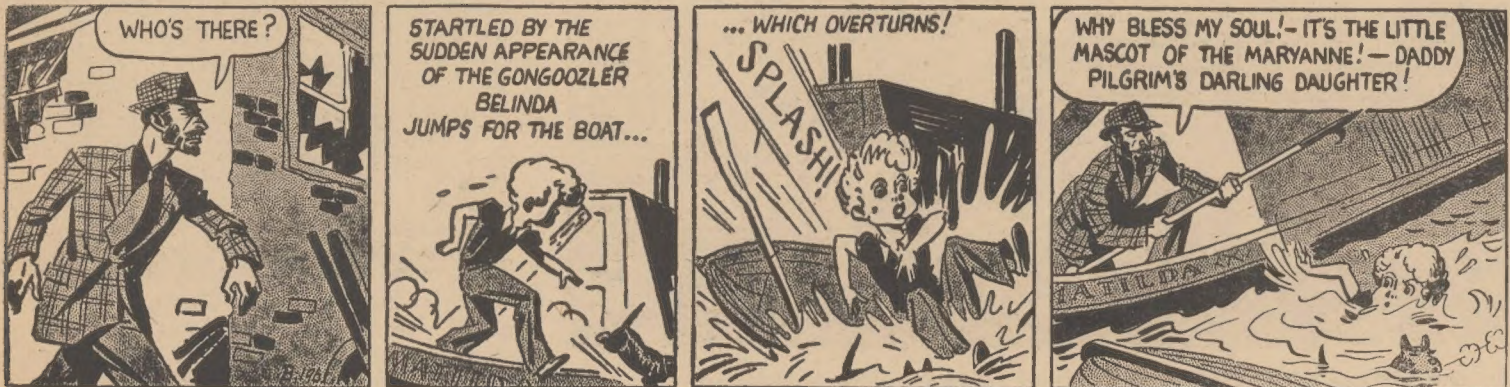
(Answer on Page 3)



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



PRINCE PSALMANAZAR

Continued from Page 2.

net large sums by their deceit. He had, however, donations from the generous few to whom he presented copies of the book; and when it was seen that it was selling well, the publisher gave him another twelve guineas for revision, preparatory to a second edition.

And now the suggested visit to Oxford was paid, at the expense of the Bishop of London

and other friends. A room was assigned to him at Christ Church, and "a very worthy and learned tutor" was provided for him, whose lectures he attended on philosophy, logic, poetry, and more especially divinity. He was also allowed access to both public and private libraries.

The account which he gives of his life at Oxford, which lasted about six months, is

amusing. He did little work except the revision of his Formosa book and the preparation of his answer to the critics. But he made a great show of work. His evenings, up to nine o'clock, he usually spent in some select company, "but without drinking to excess or even to a degree of exhilaration." At nine he would retire to his room and light a candle, which he burnt for the greater part of the night, to make his neighbours think he was studying. He would often sleep in an easy chair for a whole week, not using his bed,

to the great surprise of his bed-maker.

Solution to Allied Ports
GREENOCK

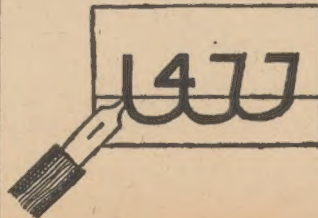
Answer to "WHO IS IT?"
HENRY VIII

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

(a) BRIMSTONE &

TREACLE.

(b) CHAPTER & VERSE.



Solution to Puzzle in No. 117

Naval Intelligence

By ODO DREW

ALTHOUGH our own Naval Intelligence is second to none, for reasons which will later become self-evident, it is of interest to learn something of the enemy's methods. For we must not underrate Jerry. He is very clever.

He is so clever that he thinks we must be nearly as clever as he is—in the same way. We are, however, not half so clever in his particular way. And so it turns out that he is not so clever after all. I hope this is quite clear.

Here is the latest example of German work. A document came recently into my possession from one of my agents in the Reich. It is a report to Admiral Doenitz on the British Submarine Service.

HUSH—SPIES!

How it reached me is, in itself, a romance. Agent XX666, who secured the document, sent it first to PP777 in Squittershausen, and from there it went to BB888 in Freitischstadt—actually it travelled sewn inside the swastika of a Funftekolonnist who was, in private life, a professor of philately at the University of Roteneideers.

From there, a Mormon monk took it, hidden in the leaves of a first edition of Aristotle's "Vitamins," to the stationmaster of Gottbleimi vor Evermaur. It is unnecessary to follow the full journeyings of the document before it reached me, for enough has been said to show that we have our system and organisation.

THE PLOT REVEALED.

As soon as I received it I took it to our headquarters, M. & B. 693. In the meantime I have the permission of Admiral (C.O.D.) to outline the story briefly to you.

This document professes to reveal the actual operating strength of the British Submarine Service. And a jolly clever bit of work it was. Perfect, apart from the fact that its conclusions as well as its premises were totally incorrect.

Students will remember the phrase "submerged tenth," used in connection with that section of the population which, before the war, lived below the level of a comfortable existence—who, in fact (and note this) could not keep their heads above water.

It is, of course, known from official statements that people to-day are healthier and better fed than ever before. Consequently the "submerged tenth" no longer exists. But as the phrase is still used, it must refer to something else. That, at least, was Jerry's reasoning.

Eventually, Leutnant zur See Schinken von und zu Wurst, after minute and microscopic investigations, decided that it referred, now, to the British Submarine Service. That it was, in a word, a code reference.

WONDERFUL!

The margin of the document contains this note, written in Raeder's handwriting: "Kolossal. Wunderbar. Aber nicht sehr klug von Ihnen, Lord Alexander. Wir wissen eins besser." (This means, Raeder "knows one better.")

The gallant Leutnant, who knew our population to be in the neighbourhood of 40,000,000 people, found the rest easy. The "submerged tenth" obviously numbered 4,000,000; and if one assumed that it took twenty men ashore to keep one submariner at sea, it followed that there were two hundred thousand in British submarines. Consequently, with an average crew of fifty, there would be some 4,000 British submarines operating. (These were Schinken's own proportions.) There you are.

On my suggestion, the Admiralty commenced immediately a very big building programme; and even if Herr von und zu Wurst did discover the correct numbers at the time in question, he will find that this new programme has mucked up his work completely.

It may be of interest to add that the Leutnant was immediately awarded the Krippelskreuz of the Order of the Nibelungen; and was issued with six months' extra coupons for Nierbier and Ersatzwallop.

AIN'T WE SMART?

There is, of course, little honour to be won in this work. My own department, which deals chiefly with Germany, is probably the most vital section of M. & B. 693, but I doubt if half-a-dozen people at the Admiralty know who Odo Drew really is—and not one of them cares.

There is no money in this work; but one does see life.

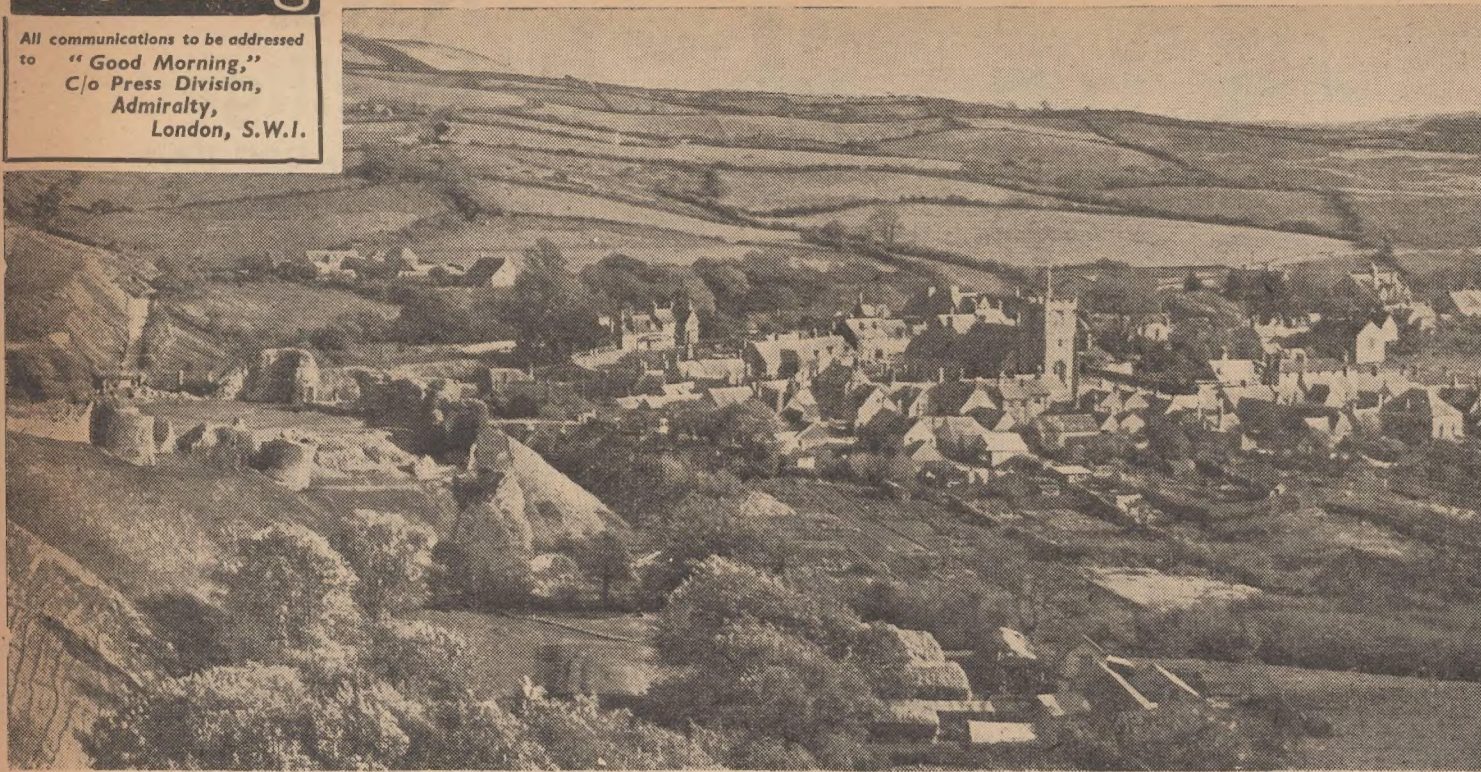
Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry
draws one out.
John Wolcott
(1738-1819)

Grief still treads upon the
heels of pleasure:
Married in haste, we may
repent at leisure.
William Congreve
(1670-1729)

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England



Looking down from Corfe Castle into the village of Corfe. This district in the Purbeck Hills teems with history right from 987 A.D., when Edward the Martyr was murdered there, to the time when Cromwell tried to blow up the castle during the Civil Wars.

EXCELSIOR



Talk about a lone climber! This queer-looking animal (a Kinkajou) doesn't need alpenstock and nailed boots — simply climbs up its own tail — and "Hey, Presto!" Well, of course, his tail **MUST** get a "foothold" first.



Need we tell you that this provocative gal is none other than your old friend Marlene Dietrich? Could any other star hand you out such a quizzical look? Yes — it's "Marlene" right down to her very toecaps.



"Hm! Funny world, this. Woolly lamb is all right to play with, but I can't eat it. Good job I like sucking my thumb. Helps to pass away the time between meals — and also gives me chance to have a **REAL** think."



SECRETS

And we'd love to listen in — nothing like a spot of "horse-sense" now and again — and this horse is sure sensible.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gee, what a yarn I could pitch to her."

